

i feel then that i am to blame.
i fear the losing of you.
i vow not to fuck around.
i leave you funny notes.

tonight's note will compare
hoyt axton to hoyt wilhelm
and will conclude:

i've never meant to hoyt you.

my six-year-old

i take my daughter out to lunch.
she reads the wine list
and remembers fine points of oenology.
she inquires about the function

of the cork and soon has mastered
the fermentation process from the grape
to vinegar. she's sensible in ordering
and takes an interest in cuisine.

in fact she's about the only member of
the gentler (sic) sex whose conversation i enjoy.
for one thing she may be the only girl i know
possessed of a genuine intellectual curiosity.

and she escapes the tyranny of the obvious.
if we are dining at el matador, and i explain
the principles of the corrida, she doesn't
take the side of the goddam bull.

she doesn't tell me i shouldn't drink so much.
she doesn't want to marry me.
she doesn't regale me with anecdotes of the office,
memorabilia of the student cafeteria.

she asks about paris; she asks about rome.
she finds the world funny; she finds its words
wonderful. we love each other.
i think i'll go see her right now.

old fucks

i had just enjoyed my ritual
half-bottle of chenin blanc
backed by a hearty bowl of albondigas soup

and in the parking lot i came upon
these old fucks necking in a white-and-blue
'57 buick special.

frankly, i was shocked.
i mean, i knew that older men are
practically obliged to have affairs with
younger women, and i'd seen all these r-rated
acapulco cheapies where the old bags shell out
big coin for flat-bellied surf bums,
but it had never really occurred to me
that people in their fifties ever went at it
with each other!

well, these two were really going at it,
believe you me; their mouths were locked
like model railroad ties

and something besides his heart must have been
in the right place, because she was bouncing
around like the nun in the

proverbial asparagus patch.
no put-on here -- she'd had time to forget
about worrying about trying to seem coming.

i started my car
and they came to a stop.
i hope they got back to it.
i drove away musing upon kierkegaard,
and about the soft upholstery of old cars,
and with a nick in my predilection for younger girls.

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